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OVER THE BENT WORLD

By Carl Merschel

Art and Society

● Christopher Dawson

NOTHING is more difficult for the natural man than to understand a culture or social tradition different from his own, for it involves an almost superhuman detachment from inherited ways of thought and education and the unconscious influence of his social environment. Indeed the more highly educated he is in his own tradition the less will he be able to appreciate all that diverges from it. It is the old contrast between Hellene and Barbarian, Jew and Gentile which reappears today in the mutual incomprehension of American and European, or Latin and Teuton, or Occidental and Oriental. We cannot bridge the gulf by a purely scientific study of social facts, by the statistical and documentary methods that have been so much used by modern sociologists, for these can never grasp the essential difference of quality that makes a culture what it is. No amount of detailed and accurate external knowledge will compensate for the lack of that immediate vision which springs from the comprehension of a social tradition as a living unity, a vision which is the natural birthright of those who share in the common experience of the society, but which members of other cultures can only obtain by an immense effort of sympathetic imagination.

It is here that Art comes to our help, for Art, in the widest sense of the word, is the great bridge which crosses the gulf of mutual incomprehension that separates cultures. To understand the art of a society is to understand the vital activity of that society in its most intimate and creative moments. We can learn more about mediaeval culture from a cathedral than from the most exhaustive study of constitutional law, and the churches of Ravenna are a better introduction to the Byzantine world than all the volumes of Gibbon. Hence an appreciation of art is of the first importance to the historian and the sociologist, and it is only by viewing social life itself as an artistic activity that we can understand its full meaning.

It is true that this point of view is not an obvious one for men of our age and civilization. In modern Europe Art has become a highly specialized activity entirely divorced from the practical needs of ordinary life. We are accustomed to look for Art not in the workshop and the market place, but in the galleries and private collections where the artistic achievements of different ages and cultures are collected like the bones of extinct animals in a museum. The sightseer goes to gaze on a Madonna by Rafael or a Greek statue in the same spirit that he visits the lions at the Zoo. They are something outside our daily life and they owe their value to their strangeness. Modern artistic production has been almost entirely parasitic on wealth, and the little world of the artists, the collectors, the dealers and the critics lives its own life apart from the main current of our modern civilization.

It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that this state of affairs is normal: it is the peculiar product of an exceptional society. Throughout the greater part of history the art gallery, the critic, and the collector have been unknown, though artistic production has been continuous and universal. It is in fact one of the most fundamental of human activities. It is common to the savage and the civilized man. It goes back to paleolithic times, and it is from the artistic record of the human race that almost all that we know regarding the cultures of prehistoric times have been derived. It is indeed difficult to separate the beginnings of Art from the beginnings of human culture, for as I have said, social activity is of its very nature artistic; it is the shaping of the rough material of man's environment by human skill and creativeness. Man has been defined as a tool-using animal, and the tool is from the beginning that of the artist no less than that of the laborer. Like other forms of life, man is subject to the control of geographical and climatic factors, but he differs from the lower animals in the independence and creativeness of his response to the stimulus of natural conditions. He is not limited to a single type of climate or vegetation; to a large extent he is even the creator of his environment.

If we study any actual community, whether it be an Esquimaux tribe or an English village, we shall find that every function of the social organism expresses itself in some significant material form. To every way of life, there corresponds a whole cycle of the arts of life. In the case of a simple village economy there is the craft of the mason and the carpenter, the blacksmith and the wheelwright, the potter and the weaver, the thatcher and the hurdler, and many more; and each of them has its value and significance from the artistic as well as the economic point of view. Even the village settlement as a whole with its church and manor house, its outlying farms and its core of inn and cottages centering in the village green or street, has the form and unity of a work of art. In the past this was all so much a part of men's common experience that it was not consciously realized. It is only now when the English countryside is being submerged by the stereotyped uniformity of the modern house-manufacturer and when the local tradition of craftsmanship is dying or dead, that we have come to recognize the inexhaustible richness and variety of the old rural tradition. We see how every region of England produced its peculiar and characteristic types, so that the stone houses of the Cotswolds, the timber work of Cheshire and the cot and thatch of Devonshire or the Down lands are as intimate a part of the landscape in which they have grown up as the trees and the crops.

But popular art does not only mirror the diversities of regional life, it also expresses the differences of functional type. There is an art of the Peasant, and an art of the Hunter, an art of the Warrior and an art of the Priest, so that it is possible to judge merely from the cursory examination of an artistic style what is the dominant social or economic element in the civilization that produced it. Indeed the greatest authority in pre-

historic art, the late Professor Hoernes, used this criterion as the main basis of scientific classification in dealing with primitive styles.

It is true that since the days of the Renaissance, when men first began to theorize about Art, the case for the independence of the individual artistic genius has been the dominant conception. This idea has a special attraction in our modern industrial societies where Art is usually thought of either as a refuge from life, or as the privilege of a cultural minority. Of late years, however, there has been a marked reaction against this aristocratic individualism.

The social character of Art is of course most obvious in the case of a simple unified state of society, such as we find in modern Islam or in our own Middle Ages, but it is essentially true of all Art. A great art is the expression of a great society, as much as of a great individual, or rather it is the expression of a great society *through* a great individual. It has been said that a committee has never painted a great picture, but it is surely undeniable that great works of art are often the expression of a corporate tradition. Take the Homeric poems, or the Gothic cathedrals. Of the latter Professor Lethaby writes: "The work of a man, a man may understand; but these are the work of ages, of nations . . . They are serene, masterly, non-personal life work of nature," and the same may be said of the great achievements of religious art all over the world—in ancient India and Ceylon, in Buddhist China and Java, in the Byzantine churches and the early Syrian mosques—where the personal element is merged in an ancient and impersonal tradition.

Nor is it difficult to correlate, for example, the artistic outburst of the Gothic period with the other manifestations of mediaeval genius, whether in thought or action. The rise of Gothic architecture corresponds both in time and place with that of the communal movement in northwestern Europe, so that it is hardly an exaggeration to speak of it as the art of the French communes. So too with the development of mediaeval philosophy. This—like mediaeval architecture—falls naturally into two periods, the second of which, like Gothic, attains its full development in the middle of the 13th century and in the North of France. It is true that we cannot trace that any one of these movements is the cause of the others. Each of them is autonomous and follows its own law of life. Yet each is but an aspect of a real unity—that common social effort which we call mediaeval civilization.

After the Renaissance when European civilization becomes increasingly complex, and art is dominated by individualism on the one hand and the rules of formal criticism on the other, its social character naturally becomes less obvious. Yet even the spirit of individualism itself is a characteristic social trait of the period, and the attempt to regulate life according to abstract rational canons obtains in politics and thought no less than in art. In this as in other things art is the faithful mirror of society.

Moreover, under the cosmopolitan veneer of this conformity to the

canons of criticism, society continues to exercise a deep subconscious influence on the mind of the artist and the poet. The great individual artist, Leonardo da Vinci or Velasquez, is essentially the great Italian or the great Spaniard; each expresses that which is deepest and most characteristic in the mind of the people and the age from which he springs. When a man seems to escape from all such categories and to be a stranger in his age, it is usually because he is a stranger in literal fact—one who brings his social past with him into an alien environment; like Theotocopuli the Cretan, who learned his craft from the great Venetians, and developed his individual genius in the theocratic and mystical atmosphere of Philip II's Spain, yet remained to the last essentially "El Greco," the Byzantine Greek. So too with the typical "deracines" of 19th-century literature (e.g., Heine, half German, half Parisian, but at bottom a Jew). These were in their time powerful influences of fermentation and change, just because they were able to see life with eyes alien to those of the society in which they lived, and thus fertilized the mind of one people by a perhaps un-realized contact with the soul of another. They talked the language of the people among whom they dwelt, but their deeper thoughts and instincts were those of the people from whom they had come.

Horace Sings of His Future Fame

● Brother Raymond Clive, F.S.C.

I've measured forth a monument
 Bolder to the etching rain than brass,
 Than regal-structur'd pyramid
 More founded, immune against the dark
 North's raging wind, pulsed to throb
 Thro' flight of time, the rhythming
 Of countless years. I shall not all
 Die: some finer part shall 'scape
 Ungraven from the goddess of the tomb;
 My fame shall ever burgeon bays
 Anew, long as the silent maidens
 And the great-priest solemn to the Capitol ascend.
 It shall be said of me in time
 When ris'n on the cadence of immortal verse,
 Where Aufidus a torrent roared
 And arid Daunus ruled a people
 Primitive—to Roman rhythms
 He wedded soft Aeolian song.
 Take thy eager gains, Melpomene,
 Thou hast deserved to bind the bay
 Upon the honoured temples of thy fame.

The Journey of Annie Bliss

● H. E. Francis

IF sometimes Annie Bliss got tired of her nephew George's gripes, she never let on, moving as she did, silently about the house, thrusting a crust of table bread into a brown paper bag ("bake-crumbs," "turkey-stuffing," she'd mutter, scarce heard), refastening the ever-loose handle on the sink cabinet, or slipping the pot out for emptying from under little Arthur's bed. It was quite a miracle, really. No one ever could put up with George for long, but Annie was the exception, though you wondered, if you knew her, if it was from unfeigned innocence, willing martyrdom or mere sentimental stupidity on Annie's part. But Annie loved her dear dead sister, George's mother—even these twenty-odd years after—with a strength that could still provoke tears on the merest of thoughts—something not at all like her, yet not at all difficult, since (she was accustomed to remind) "Honest, George, you look so much more like my sister Madge every day, it brings her right straight back from the grave."

Madge had been Annie's closest sister, a year younger, six inches taller, blonde, with a thickness and fluff of hair that made Annie's thin black strands glued to her head seem quite stiffly sculptured—and then she had always the greatest of pleasure, gazing out of her bleak-gray eyes, watching the lithe, rhythmic movements of her slim sister ("a wisp of a waist," the lan-

guage of the time said, "a callow thing"), movements which the slightly over-lean Annie tried really quite in vain to duplicate. So at last, and wisely, Annie threw up her hands, discarded attempts at imitation (readily acknowledged as such), and recognized herself for what she was, or what she had, and set about the frank business of living with it for all the world to know, whether they liked it or no. And if some man were to come along who was, for some miraculous reason, unseeking of the graces of a truly feminine Madge, and wanting of a woman with the whether-or-nos of Annie, then she'd have him, her side of it being equal, of course. So, at least, she gave the world to understand—then, promptly, with all the finality of forgetfulness, she gestured it away with an indifferent "pshaw" and got herself a man-sized job. She darned overalls for the bean and potato fields in summer, acquired boots in preparation for scalloping with the men in the fall, and went into the skimmer shop for the rest of the year. What with the gnarled things her hands became and the crisp mantalk she let out, time came when the hidden hope of Annie faded into resignation and then absolute rejection of the idea of ever marrying—though the change which came about in her went unnoticed, the way she'd kept thoughts hidden anyway.

While Annie was carefully ad-

justing to a life alone, sister Madge had flown through a bevy of men—each well worth, to Annie's eyes, a good life investment. What, finally, seemed the least of these, Ansel Young, Madge accepted and then found not the gaudy life she desired, not one prolific in finances, but one prolific in children. By this time Annie had picked, shoveled and opened her way through a true wealth of potatoes, scallops and skimmers, respectively—though her own reward was small. And at the birth of Madge's seventh child, the girl Suzanne, as six times before and each a summer, Annie came out of the fields long enough to egg the new one into the climate of this world and to stand Madge up on her feet once more, then returned, picking faster to make up for the lost time.

But the struggle was hard, and Annie's savings were slow in mounting—though they *did* mount. And when the immediate family started going—Pa, then Ma—the way of the world was no shock to her, though there was a suddenness resident in all that quiet, slow-moving life she had come out of—in and out of a house every day for years with the three of them in a taken-for-granted circle at supper. Then, sudden, only two. And then one. —and a house so empty and so big it might be the whole wide sky over the fields opened over you suddenly. Come to think, maybe it was the work in the fields and in the sea that got her ready for it all. Maybe the potatoes gave her the lesson of people: set them out; young green they'd grow, straight and strong in

the wind and rain; then bloom, and after came the flesh, thick with the dust of this world stuck to it, and the cold of autumn withering the vine, and the dying winter that gets us all— And then all over again. In everything. Clouds growing that burst and gathered again, all alike, everywhere . . .

So that's why her own hands and face were field-brown, and kinks in her back sometimes hooked her over awkwardly for a second or two while rising, before she flattened her hands against the small of her back and bent up in a stretch to the sky that made her feel small as a pebble in the road. The sky made Annie want to travel too, and the clouds, which she juggled into images to suit her farthest desires, summoned her out of the fields so that often when she looked up, catching sight of them, she forgot for a minute where she was. That might even explain why she kept her eyes more and more glued to the ground, until her parents died, and then Annie could look up and let her eyes follow the clouds everywhere, for Annie was free to go—wherever, now . . .

But how was Annie to know, just at the point when she had made up her mind to go for a bit, what her future was? And now what surprised Annie was how life could be so quick, so gone-in-a-minute, before it was even lived. Strange to say, she thought Ma and Pa's going was one end. It didn't seem it was Madge's time so soon, so close, with the beginning just come again in the eighth child—an end for a beginning. Out of the field, this time with strange forebodings like years

of bad crops, to the bed of Madge, and days standing over her, and her lying with her face pouched with tears. . . . "Oh, Annie, Annie, my loving Annie, you won't ever leave them alone, promise, for me, never! Never alone . . . O God . . . " And Annie promised and bathed the face of her sister with her own tears and kisses, and then left her in the stillness, knowing even in her grief it would do no good to beseech her to hold on now.

The fields and the shop were her home now, she thought, though she had sold the old homestead then, taken a room in the house with the grieving Ansel, despite the few living straws of gossip, and helped raise Madge's children—saw George, the oldest, marry the only Selden girl, Martha. But at the end of six years—with almost no warning—Ansel said the children had a new mother now—a Polack girl from Southold, a Jolsky. Did Annie know her? Her father ran a trucking company and in three weeks, Ansel said, the ceremony would be—a real hop. And then— But Annie understood. She called on sister Madge in her prayers and set the whole thing before her out of pure conscience, noting both his logic and her futility, then packed for the forthcoming move.

Until George's lovely wife asked her to come live with them with an encouraging "Georgie made me, Annie, he's so anxious to have you," Annie didn't know there was such goodness in the world. Responding to their goodness—that was how Annie came to live with nephew George and Martha, insisting, as

any decent soul would, on paying her share of household expenses. But though Annie thought she had resettled, that October the scallop boats set her wanderlust in greater motion. She got to thinking maybe she would take a long trip, since she had waited so long, and her eyes fluttered out unswerving into the horizon. Perhaps she talked too much of the trip to George and Martha, because, though the first few months they said little about it (concentrating only on the increases in board and room they asked of Annie—"to scale the cost of living," George says, "we're sorry, Annie"), George of a sudden thought it a great idea. He brought home road maps from the AAA, sent for "railroad literature" to the New York, Chicago and St. Louis offices, and even went so far on a quick trip to stop at the White Star Lines to gather circulars concerning boat fares and points of interest. Good of George to take such an interest and it made her feel good to hear his enthusiasm: "How much can you afford, Annie?" "Is this your limit, Annie?" "Looky here—if you can manage this, you can extend your trip three months for the same fare as a ten-day trip." We could, George told her, hugging Martha with a look of delicious comfort, have a gay old time. She did not know they had planned such a trip too. She had always planned on going it alone. Yet they had been so good. We. Yes. "That's a wonderful idea. There's nothing like company on a trip," she said, but she had never made one, she laughed, so how would she know?

Anyway, she decided, I will do what George says—get the money out of the bank, though that's an awful lot to take for extras should I get in trouble, and let George buy travel checks with it so's it's safe if I get robbed.

Annie did just that, with a joy in the secret she would not disclose to Mr. Morris, the bank teller, who said she must be going to buy property and she should be very careful taking all that out at one time when she only put it in a little bit each week. Now with the money all at once in her hand Annie felt as if she had just bought a cloud of her own that would take her anywhere and already she felt light and lifty. When she handed George the money, she sensed that he felt exactly the same way because his talk was sudden like spurts of kettle steam flaring and whisking and his eyes were far—which was just her own feeling. "Buy the travel checks, George," she said.

"Travelers checks, Annie," he corrected.

"Yes, buy them," she said and went off to the skimmer house, armed with her knife, rubber apron and gloves.

But buy the checks, he may have—Annie didn't know—because come five o'clock and Annie was home, then six, seven, and on into the night, but there was no telling about George with his late affairs . . . The only premonition, the only leak in the truth of it, was the constant look of Martha when she set her eyes on anything, as if pasting them there, and pushed heavy breaths of half-muffled curses. It was at this

time in her life that Annie's blue-gray eyes acquired the deeper bleakness everyone saw in them, a bleakness that stole over faces, wonderment at what could lie behind so much flesh, so many silent undelved heads—all the little worlds sitting around her that she could never pry into— But it's only fair, she decided. She didn't want to know, after all, though it was that not-knowing what to expect that was the danger sometimes. O George! Georgel she uttered with all the feeling at sight of a planted field gone barren, dead years on a withering vine . . . But who knew? Perhaps in he'd pop, come supper. There they'd be—the travel checks, her years in the furrows come now to take her out for a bit. And wasn't that her reward, to see a share of the world around, to see the big picture of the world maybe she'd been too close to all the time? Ah . . . wasn't that what she wanted? Wasn't that where Annie Bliss was going?

But in the draggy nights of anguish that followed, the singular absence of George gave Annie positive evidence that it was not she but George who was travelling she-didn't-know-where this time. The thought of so much saving blown as dust into the black nothing bleaked her. As she worked, the imprecations of Martha sounded in her ears to the clip of the skimmer knives echoing up the tables, still saying to herself, oh no, not George, he'd never leave and Martha only just early-pregnant. And the growing inside her gave Martha double reason for her own pain and grief

as the weeks went. Glad Annie was when the doctor gave the boy the birth-cry and she could set new life wriggling into Martha's living arm and then again go out into field time, feeling that the vines of this world went on with or without their Georges—and a woman could bring up a family, had she to, and so Annie Bliss herself could, though it would mean they must leave the town house and Annie dig into the last of her savings little by little each week in order to supplement the wages she got summer and winter.

In a dirt-cheap shack six miles from the village, on a back road traveled by picker trucks, they began the adventure of making the shack a home. At the touch of Annie's fingers, married to the dirt, green grew, flowers burst, vines crawled everywhere and, though they could never afford paint, a world grew around the house, as though their four years of loving care was all a ceremonial in gala preparation, with a bedecked welcome of the event that followed. For George came back—three years and seven months late, Martha reminded. She saw him come stumbling across the winter-hard furrows, but she did not drop the bundle of icy-dry clothes in her arms. He came close and they did not even stand looking long at one another. She handed him the armful of clothes and stooped for the basket of pins, then he followed her inside to the warmth and the son he'd never seen and the woman whose money he'd taken. They asked him no questions—except after, as weeks wore, when their own not-

asking had compelled him mercilessly to unburden the hard guilt that he did not truly know was grating whatever conscience he may have had left.

Annie herself could not explain, would never have thought of trying to, why that particular deed did not provoke her now. We are like that, that is all she could say. Because this time was not that time. And she only felt—without ever knowing truly, that what *was* sometimes didn't matter any longer. For she'd seen it in the close fields and the sea that taught her how time made you grow, changed you. She'd seen how the leechy vines were on the healthy tree, after all, and what they did to the tree, those outsiders. A plant needed all its strength to stand up against the strong green world hovering high over it. We are like that too, she said, a family has to stick. How can you get on with the rest of the world good if you don't get on inside? It made blood thick and unexpected strong and needed, to her eyes. And it came into her mind, that strong thick-white that poured out of milkweed stems and how they outgrew other weeds and overran them. Besides, she added (dragging George back into it), a child without a father was no good at all.

When George came into the shop that year Annie was all praise and encouragement and secretly glad she worked beside him. She even thought it did some good for George, knowing it made Martha feel safer about it all. And when she and George got through a whole winter of work together, Annie was jubi-

lant. Back on the old arrangement—"Annie, you pay a reg'lar part of your pay, the same ev'ry week—what you think it costs"—she could save, she *was* saving. For come what would, Annie had never forgotten her trip, and the minute fine weather came with a blink of a crocus and myrtles spreading lavender in the old cemetery and the first robin fluttering down the spring wind, a lifetime of child-joy besieged her and her eyes followed the envied flight. They lighted on cloud after cloud, on the rolling dust; and when she stood on the Sound shore, she envied the wings of the gulls hovering easefully over the water, the sloop, the wide upward plunge . . .

Stooping over a bushel of freshly picked green beans one afternoon, Annie fell forward in a dizziness, with her hands dug deep into the dirt and a heavy pound in her breast and thunder in her head. She felt like the whole sea was rising fast up over her and she couldn't yell, she couldn't yell—with her mouth wide open, she couldn't yell, and the hysteria came into her and she got red all over. Then there was the Polack woman bending over her and in the talk she could hear perfectly plain, others came. She was picked up, could walk, and was guided down the furrow and driven home, where Martha put her to bed, with a great worried look on her face. After the doctor's visit and a day and a half of sleep, Annie rose and could talk again, but was very weak and had to sit around. Nobody, least of all Annie, could possibly have predicted how long

she would sit around: all the time leaves growing thick cut off her view and she found a temporary joy in the rise and fall of flowers living out their time—iris and marigold, gladiola and zinnia, the dahlias. But when the myriad aster laces curled brown, fell in the dust, the green walls of summer were long rent by fall winds, and already Annie could see the long new road George had brought rumors of, a stretch the whole length of Long Island.

Restless as flung leaves—though she had become attached to little Arthur, like mother to him, and though she had become used to the less strenuous rush of housework—Annie longed for her manwork and the knife clinks and shop talk. Together with this longing, the once-again depleting bank account and the sound of the truck leaving for the shop sent her back. One late-September morning she appeared, knife, gloves and rubber apron intact. The boys gave her a bigger reception than ever she'd dreamed of, and the long-missed friendship warmed her heart. But plain to see, Annie couldn't last, couldn't put them out any longer, got winded, and the bushel count was smaller than need be. Seeing what was coming—to save face and to keep the foreman from the embarrassment of firing her—a few weeks later, Annie announced she was leaving work Saturday, though she had said nothing to George or Martha beforehand. That might have explained George's sullen prodding at home—Could Annie see her way clear to do a foolish thing like that? After all,

look at their situation! George picked. "But George," Martha soothed, "You know she's not well. She's still tired, aren't you, Annie? Besides, there are so many things around the house . . . Arthur loves her, she's done so much for all of us, and . . . " Temporarily appeased by Martha's numerous reasonings and by the still-constant weekly payments from Annie, George retreated.

It was in the quiet times of life that Annie, to fill the days when Arthur was off to kindergarten and Martha was out a good bit, developed the habit of talking to herself, a typical half-jabber, a muttering, really—now to Arthur, now to George and Martha (as if they were there at the turn of her head), but always to herself: about the time of year, and the time of her life, the need of a job, but above all, the journey she'd not yet taken and she'd better get ready now that there's be a new road down the island and already it was the late of the year and spring would be on soon . . . Annie decided that, despite illness, she'd be ready.

It was undoubtedly her mutterings that gave up her thoughts to George, who, with his plot-making mind, figured it carefully: she is down to rock bottom, she wants to make a trip, she cannot pay us, and she is another mouth to feed—and maybe she will never work again. With such calculation George went at Martha in all fury, though he could not conquer the protests, emphasized by tears, of Martha throwing up the four years of she-didn't-know-what they'd have fallen into

had not Annie supplied not only the victuals but a home too. Still, George took it out on Annie another way, switching his tongue sharp and sudden-pricky as the poison jab of a centipede. Seemed she couldn't do anything right by George—her cooking and sewing, the way the house looked and the piles of things kept (though neatly) by Annie in her room. Even there, Annie couldn't escape it; she could only draw into herself, seeking refuge in the journey she'd make, wide and free, down the long disappearing road in her mind, away from George and out into somewhere . . . But one thing was clear—if Annie Bliss got tired of nephew George's gripes, she'd never let on, she'd never complain.

II

It was from George's casual talk that Annie heard of the event which sent her hope straight to its pinnacle, which said like a sign from God when she came right down to it: Here is your chance, Annie. And this one event led to the other. So it was the nearing construction of the new road that caused Annie to commit in George's eyes at least an unheard-of thing—a completely unreasoned, irresponsible act: Annie bought a bicycle. Gazing down the clear vista where the new highway would be, Annie had seen the world beckon right at her door. She had decided then and there she must prepare now in the cold of winter for the venture that sprang clear in her mind. She had gone to town, examined prices, gone to the bank

and drawn out her money—knowing it was the last she had—and returned to *Bulwer's* to buy herself the English bicycle—not really seeing an unpardonable sin in it, even now. But when George heard it, he couldn't believe such stupidity, even from Annie. "Your last damned dollar! You crazy or something?" He cursed the bluest streak she'd ever heard, and Annie thinking the house would come down with all his bellowing about what she'd do now, and the cost of living, and could she work? and how the hell could a sick woman ride a bike, a measly God-dam bike?

Martha interceded. They'd hang on some way, she'd cut down somewhere . . .

But Annie had her hope. She looked away from George and stayed out of his path and never let on she saw how angry he was. Still she had her bike. She'd seen the way the wind blew. It meant the last of her money, yes—but also it meant: If you don't now, Annie, it'll be never again. Even George, stewing, heard her self-mumbles about its being " . . . an investment," at which he shouted "Crazy! Crazier 'n a coot," in his mad, rampaging guttural.

But not for hours that day did George get around to the real reason for his tear at Annie. "Don't you know about the new road?" Sure, she knew. But *they* would never know—she could never tell *them* of the part the road played in the purchase of the bicycle—how that road, not even there yet, had seemed to beckon, a sure sign that she would travel it . . .

"Yes, I heard about the road," she said.

"Well, then? You ain't seen me and Martha all upset? Talkin' an' whisperin'? madder 'n hell? What the hell'd you think we were doin'—celebratin' the fourth?" He said it as if they'd tried to keep it from Annie long as possible.

Yeah — that's right — the road! The wonderful new government road! (it came at her like George spitting) That's what's the cause of it—the road! And her spending her last fifty on a bike!

At last he set it before her plain: The road would cross their land and go right over the exact spot where the house was. So the government bought the whole property at a good price. But the house was old and crumbling and not worth moving. So the owner had told him it would be torn down. It meant they would have to get out as soon as they could find a place, though they had a legal time limit.

There it was. George threw it out half-hate, half-anger, slouched in his own laziness. Annie shivered under his deluge of cold ruthlessness. It came a shock to her. A quick shame seized her—of inconsideration for them, and she thought how Mr. Bulwer said he'd take it back any time at a reduced price, but looking out the window, her shame went, she wasn't sorry—she would have them understand that: that in her own way she was not sorry. About their missing the money which they needed now more than ever, yes, she was sorry. But she had made up her mind this once and had taken the first step and

somehow it had all started inside her, whatever it was. Yet when she lingered on the faces of Martha and Arthur, and on the face of the land that would be scarred forever, she could not shrug free of the shadow of gloom clinging to her . . .

Because Annie felt the guilt of an empty pocket more keenly under George's attacks, she worked harder about the house (making it a point never to complain of anything), ate less, and rode off as frequently as she could when there was little to do and George was at home. The cold brisk air soothed her. It gave width for thought. Even George noticed the improvement the bike rides brought about in Annie's "constitution." Once she was in the open air extravagant visions of jobs as companion or housekeeper or other soft ones filled her imaginings. At first she did not go on very long rides, just far enough to feel herself getting chilled; the long journey, she had decided, she would make somehow, come spring.

In mid-January George found another house—twelve miles way, two miles farther from the village than Annie had ever been. The move was scheduled for the end of January. George griped more bitterly as the cold weather stuck, but Annie and Martha went at the packing silently until, half dead from the constancy of it, they had everything ready to go. George had already had his brother move what could be stored early in the new cellar, setting-in the oil tank with all but what oil they'd need this last night. It was arranged that Martha and Arthur go with the first load, early

morning, and that Annie and George go on the second, after noon.

That night Annie lay long, listening to the spaciousness of the house. She never knew until the house had become so empty, with almost everything in one downstairs room, that you could hear space, hear the whispers that furniture once crowded out. Now it was hostile and cold with its whispering clapboards, the wind swift along the plaster, and the cracking joints of windows—seeming to hurry them all out into the cold. And she tossed, seeing the sky through the uncurtained panes, knowing so well the lay of the land in these parts below it. But she wrenched over more violently when she thought of Martha and George needing every penny, and long after, dreamily sensing the tremulous windows, she decided that in the morning before she left she would go to town on her last errand.

She set out early, after Martha and the boy had left, and though it had gone from cold to below freezing, gray-dreary and damp, she felt the lusty cold tingle her with joy at the thought of at least being able to do some good in it all. She was to be back at noon when the second trip would be ready. "That will be plenty of time for you," George said, with a genial quivering smile which made her decision worth more for it. She peddled fast along the country road, glad when she got into the dark tunnel of overhanging trees where the winter wasn't so cold. She peddled the bike faster, trying to beat the snow that hung in the air ready to fall.

She peddled straight to *Bulwer's*. "I came for the money, Mr. Bulwer," she said with an assurance that made him laugh. He didn't even say, "Anything wrong with the bicycle, Miss Bliss," as she had expected, but handed over forty-four dollars, which made Annie feel very trusted. "It is just we are moving and I won't be needing it any more, Mr. Bulwer," she answered as if he *had* asked. Then she took the money and left. She walked the six miles back to the house, hurrying so George would not be mad, knowing chances for a ride on the back road were slim with so little winter traffic. If it snowed, then there would certainly be no traffic at all. People were too sensible to go out in such weather. She got cold but she did not feel bad, and she started to walk briskly, though it was only eleven fifteen and she was almost there . . .

When she came in sight of the house, it was already snowing and she did not see anything at first, thinking they would be out back loading the last. But when she got close she did not have to go round

back. She found a white envelope with ANNIE on it in George's own handwriting, tacked to the front door. She fumbled it open awkwardly with her cold hands and read it: *Annie Martha and I have been talking it over and decided you would be better off with my brother Sam for a while as we cannot afford to keep you in town where things are so high and the house is little Sam will take your things in the truck and you can ride back to his place on your bike were sorry Annie but thats the way things are with us right now George*

She folded the letter and went into the empty house. The wind came in loud and made noises in every room. It was very cold even after the door shut. By now her hands and legs were strangely warm, not feeling the cold at all, and she was very sleepy. So she opened the door and let the freezing wind in again and stood there. Then she shut the door and cut out on her long journey down the road, not even feeling the forty-four dollars clutched tight in her hand.



By Carl Merschel

Church Architecture and The Modern Spirit

† Emmanuel Cardinal Goncalves Cerejeira
Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon

● *Translated by Fr. Mark Heath, O.P.*

ONE hears much these days, and with reason, of the functional and rational character of architecture. Indeed one may take it as a basic principle. The most beautiful architecture is that which achieves its function with most sincerity, most unity, and with the greatest simplicity.

In the case of a church—it will be beautiful only when it is really and evidently a church. But a church is not only a problem of geometry; it is also a problem of faith, of culture, and of history.

When “functional” and “rational” are applied to a temple rather than to any other building, they cannot be considered to mean “utilitarian.” Such would be a materialistic way of understanding the functional character a church—and one which empties this character of its spiritual and religious content.

One might possibly think this true of a Calvinist church which, by its nature, is nude and empty and cold. But in a Catholic Church, where the Heart of Christ beats, everything ought to proclaim the presence of God, ought to announce the victory of faith, ought to sing out with Christian hope.

All styles of architecture have tried this, and none is excluded from it. And in the Encyclical Letter “On the Sacred Liturgy,” Pope Pius XII opened the door and invited the art of our time “to add its voice to the admirable glorious concert which men of genius have sung to the Catholic faith in centuries past,” but with one condition: “that it place itself at the service of the sacred buildings and rites with due reverence and honor.”

The Instruction of the Holy Office, recalling a precept of the Code of Canon Law, demands that “in the building and repair of churches the forms consecrated by Christian tradition and the laws of sacred art should be respected.” But this does not exclude a new style; it intends only to protect all in the church that is bound to dogma, worship, character, and function. It does not exclude evolution; it defends the authentic values of each and every church. In a word it assures that it will be functional.

There are certain permanent values which no church, whatever be its style, can neglect. They are as unchanging as the Catholic faith and Catholic worship. If the church does not express these clearly it is not fully a church.

In the first place there is its sacred character.

This is the most proper and specific value, the value *par excellence*. It defines and sums up the church. While this sacred character may be bound to the artistic expression of the times, it distinguishes the church from every other building. It is this character in a church which christianizes the countryside, and elevates and spiritualizes our villages.

In addition there is dignity, spirituality, nobility, beauty. This is not a marginal element, artificial, added (that is to say, false); but, above all, a kind of interior light, spontaneous, one might even say ontological, which is born of truth, of the harmony and fittingness of each and every element. It is found in many voices in harmony, or in white light composed of the seven elementary colors, or in a tree made up of many branches.

And there is also the serenity, security, the light, the solidity of the Catholic faith, founded on the Rock of Peter. A church is a harbor of salvation for the shipwrecked of life and a place of peace for the refugees from error, from doubt, and from sin. It is a sure pillar of support for those many who falter and fear.

It must be noted that secular buildings feel the effect of progress and evolution of art more than churches. The sacred character of a church causes much greater stability of expression. It is evil to give churches over to audacious experiments—their stones have been kissed for successive generations. These are not dead stones but living.

Virtruvio, in this regard, harmonizes with the traditionalists when he states: "Stability, unity, antiquity."

We must not forget, finally, that new churches are for the Christian people—not for a small closed group of artists. These latter may have vision and be ahead of the times—but the new churches would be functional blunders if the people never succeeded in understanding them.

The Christian does not go into church to enjoy the art; he goes to pray, sometimes even to weep, and also to sing. Here art is the hand-maiden of worship.

The church, moreover, ought to have a certain homogeneity with its environment, with the popular culture and sentiment.

Such homogeneity does not signify a betrayal of the demands of living art. I mean only that art must not isolate itself in disdainful exclusiveness, since its language must be understandable to the large group of the faithful. As Pope Pius XII has taught in his encyclical "*Mediator Dei*," "in a church the artist ought to take the needs of the Christian community more into account than his own judgment or his own personal taste."

This does not mean immobility in church art. In the *Instruction* cited above, other values which we can call modern are found: there is the deeper understanding we now have of the nature of a church (that is to say in its function), and also there are certain needs of the spirit of our time.

Let us begin with space in a church. The contemporary renaissance of liturgy recalls us to the necessity of expressing the reality of the Christian

life in the architecture of a church. Immediately two values are affirmed: the altar and the assembly of the faithful.

The altar must be the heart of the church. The church takes its origin from the altar and it serves the altar. Everything ought to derive from the altar and to converge at the altar.

The faithful are reunited around the altar to share in the sacred offices—especially in the sacrifice and in the communion of Christ.

Thence derives our modern preoccupation on the one hand with giving all importance and relief to the altar, making it really the vital center of the church, and, on the other hand, bringing it near the assembly of the faithful—and bringing them near to it.

In the great churches built under Jansenistic influence, the altar was often very distant from the people and these were dispersed among the chapels and the transepts so that many could not see the altar, nor could they see others of the faithful. The multiplicity of altars managed to accentuate this dispersal and this isolation from the altar.

Thus the mystical symbolism of Catholic churches was weakened and almost lost in the spirit of the faithful. The church did not signify the most beautiful reality of the Christian sacramental life—the union of all with Christ.

Another modern value is simplicity. Contemporary taste values above all else this beauty which results from the splendor of truth.

Simplicity is not the equivalent of poverty, of nudity, of things lacking—as one might judge from certain churches which seem as though they were not yet completed.

Simplicity results from equilibrium, from purity, from unity. Simplicity is won by the humble force of selection, of renunciation, of purification. It cannot tolerate affectation, artifice, or verbosity.

Let me cite another value which is often confounded with simplicity. It is sobriety. This proceeds from the same principle. I would call both the attributes of aristocracy. Sobriety has value because of its nobility, its discretion, its moderateness. It seeks ascetic purification.

Anyone who thinks that the *Instruction on Sacred Art* decrees the death of the new art—of living art—is in error. The *Instruction* does not intend to be a lesson in art; it seeks only to make firm certain values imposed by the nature of a church, by what the *Instruction* calls “ecclesiastical tradition.”

The Church has never recognized any style of art as *her* own. Style must spring from the cultural environment, from technical skill and from the materials used. The Church remains outside this question. Not only does she not condemn modern art—she honors, and receives it in every age. Were not churches consecrated in the past modern in their own day?

There is in our day a dissatisfaction with old ideas; there is a living desire for a greater adaptation of the forms of art to the condition of life, a taste greatly marked by sincerity, clarity, and simplicity. May we not

listen to such aspirations? Are they not symptoms of a creative artistic need?

The very same document which requests respect for "forms consecrated by Christian tradition and by the laws of sacred art" admits and supposes that sacred architecture will assume "new forms." To be new, to be modern, to be artistic, it must not be confused with ephemeral orientations, passing modes, polemical attitudes, exercises of skill, or scandalous extravaganzas. A church is not a workshop for new experiments. New, modern: it ought to be a new and vital thing, speak simply in its own voice, be the humble and generous gift of the artist.

Art which does not renew itself is dead art. But it renews itself only in the same way in which it conserves itself. It is like life, which renews itself continually—by resisting those elements which would corrupt it, and by assimilating other new elements.

Tradition, considered etymologically, is something that is handed over. It is the capital of knowledge and of culture, the experience of generations—being attached to the new in order to be developed and enriched. Without it art would be an incessant beginning. Tradition stands at the base of every artistic progress as the foundations of a building—unseen but carrying it.

There is still, however, a prejudice which is the death of new art, the prejudice of newness (*novité*). It consists in a love of the new simply because of its newness. The work of art is valued not for its intrinsic value but because it is different. To renew is always to destroy. There can be no progress here—only a continual new beginning.

Such prejudice negates and denies every authentic value. It defines art as that which is the negation of art or better, according to the expression of a French author, "that which constitutes the mortal aspect of things, which is precisely their quality of being new."

And this is a prejudice of many of our contemporaries. It comes from an interior emptiness, from an incapacity to judge and to contemplate the art work which, in the assent of a solid culture, makes it what it is. Let us then exchange tendencies for values, artistic mode for sacred art, and extravagance for originality.

We have already noted that such prejudice works like a poisonous drug which finishes by becoming more necessary than food; and, on account of the fact that a greater amount is needed each day, finally kills the patient.

The mania for newness as a criterion of value demands a constant changing which empties out all art.

Authentic newness is profound originality, sincere creation, living harmony. The true artist never makes an ugly work when he makes it in this way.

Sea Change

● Claude F. Koch

(*The Corvette sank off Inchon; one unidentified body was recovered.*—
News Note.)

i.

The beaten brow of Savo and the jaw
Of Esperance upjuttred in their sight,
A maw of flares and salvos, and the night
Rocked to the cold refraction of their hate. The raw
Flame involved their deck plates and the din,
Screeching and revolving with their sin,
Spouted oil and tar across their wake.
Bright navy scuttled, galley, bridge, and mate
Mingled beyond soundings to *his* law,
Old Moby Dick, hurt tyrant—still dives down
Where silent bells and towers drift in towns
Imprisoned in Nantucketers' dead eyes.

ii.

And days that followed when the fantailed sun
Was shattered by gray lances in the East
And fell to light them languid and undone
Beneath the split entablature of seas,
They waited for your coming—Flask, and Queeg,
Starbuck, Ahab, Coffin, Bligh—for you,
Anonymous, archetypal youth, their crew
Tangled in stove boats and gutted rigs
And wound in mainsheets till the crack of doom.

iii.

They waited for your coming. Off Inchon
While "general quarters" clamoured you made one
With sundered steel and timbers roaring down,
Sweet diver through the ages to your rest;
You trod sleepwalker and predestined guest
On earth's foundations where eternally
Odysseus' shipmates ring you silently. The bells!
(*In nomine diaboli*, your hand
Most intimate with squid and skate!) the bells
Clang out your requiem in some lost land.

Portrait of the Teacher as A Young Failure

• Bernard Ingster

THE successes of education today are moderate and commendable; the failures are substantial and serious. These failures are attributed to a variety of complex factors, one of which has not received the most adequate appraisal that could be made by serious study—factors that cause failure in the teacher himself. The various circumstances in which the school teacher finds himself are, in many instances, controlled by forces outside the realm of self-correction. Some of these forces are directed by legislative bodies which control the expenditure of money for schools; in actuality, to influence such organizations is beyond the personal province of the teacher.

The results of inadequate financial expenditures are generally manifested in relatively low salaries for professional personnel, and in antiquated school buildings. Both of these are problems which influence teachers today, and the resolving of such difficulties in terms of slowly rising salary schedules—especially in larger urban areas and their immediate suburbs—and the erection of magnificent, modern school structures is of great benefit in creating a much happier and more valuable teacher. This should reflect itself in the creation of even more desirable teacher-pupil relationships than exist in many places today, for the security of adequate income will free the teacher for the purpose of giving maximum assistance to each child in his care; and a well lighted, well heated, and well furnished classroom will permit the minds of both teacher and pupil to transcend the barriers of adverse physical conditions and to develop to the greatest extent the faculties of thought and knowledge.

Yet there are far more subtle factors than the two discussed above which may, in a sense, have even more detrimental effects upon the mental development of the teacher—and in turn upon the same development for a child. Primarily, they are centered in the content of a school curriculum. The history of curriculum development in our country shows the movement from a very rigid, formal, and specific "course of study" to the contemporary loosely constructed, and greatly generalized "guide." It has been said that in the past, the supervisors of education were able to gaze upon the clocks in their offices and know instantly what was being taught in each classroom under their jurisdiction. Today the supervisors might have difficulty locating the classes themselves.

The young teacher, especially, finds the vaguely determined educational aims—well clothed in language so trite as to have lost almost all actual meaning—of little assistance in establishing a basis for instruction.

He flounders in generalities, he experiments without methods, he hungers for specifics. The nebulous and sparse content of the "guides" causes him to be thrown completely into the depths of personal experience, the individual validity of which varies infinitely. The "teacher training courses" in colleges have not helped, for the same ethereal language is here used that appears in the contemporary curriculum guide. In fact, the training courses have acquired a "sameness" that a majority of the students recognize, so that a more or less standard quip has developed which describes succeeding courses in education as purely time extensions of already overworked jargon. At first, the young teacher struggles strongly for some platform of basic knowledge from which to spring upward; then slowly slips into the cloudy sea of "educationalese" and accepts—with diminishing hope for change. Each school term the problem of uncertainty is renewed when an appraisal of a new class's previous achievement is made, and the results disclose an almost boundless range of attainment. The present emphasis in education upon human "differences" has completely overshadowed the reality of human "sameness."

The various subject areas are affected in different degrees by the attempts to "free" the modern curricula from the rigorous requirements of the "more ancient" educational ideas, and the teachers in these various areas are affected in similar proportions. The study of science and mathematics has probably undergone the slightest fundamental changes. Some excellent methods have been devised to assist the pupils in perceiving the abstractions of mathematics and to impress more vividly the intricacies of science; however, the basic precepts are changed only as new theories are conclusively demonstrated to be correct, and the importance of their inclusion in an educational program is recognized. There have been drastic changes in the methods of teaching the social studies, but, again, attempts are not made to alter historical fact.

The most radical changes have occurred in the field of English. This area has traditionally included the study of the English language itself, its use in the expression of ideas, and the study of English and American literature. Modern educational thought has attempted to combine the study of English with the social studies. The teacher of this "integrated" program is supposed to concentrate on the social studies program while continually attempting to find points in the course where the introduction of problems of grammar and composition will be effectively hinged to the particular historical phase or social problem under discussion. The modern curriculum guides are replete with lofty views on methods for attaining this integration; yet in every instance the guide quickly reminds the reader that the teacher must call upon his own resources in putting the program into force. The vacuum created by such a conclusion serves only to frighten more the already bewildered new teacher and to increase the insecurities being felt by the more experienced instructor.

In modern terms, English grammar is to be taught only "functionally."

The dictum is explicit—use is the criterion upon which the study of language construction is to be based. The teacher's individual fascination and enthusiasm toward what might be considered the "abstract and theoretical" aspects of a language, and his value in allowing young people to experience another fragment of human knowledge, may be lost by the necessity to "relate to reality." Although to many present-day educational thinkers, the disciplining values of studying rigorous grammatical structure are considered to be practically non-existent, a noteworthy segment of English teacher opinion holds that a return to such study would be beneficial. While the doctrine that a "carry-over value" from one subject study to another does not occur can be demonstrated with the use of nonsense syllable tests and contrived arithmetic and language examinations, the reality of such a process is apparent to the person attempting to integrate all of his faculties for the development of a complete being. To hold that the study of Latin will not aid in an understanding of the composition of the English language, or to state that the memorizing of basic arithmetical number facts will not enhance the development of more complicated arithmetical understandings is to completely ignore some basic truths of human experience.

The English program of the "new" elementary school reflects the numerous changes taking place; especially in the area of reading instruction are these manifested. Books containing the delicate and beautiful fables are being replaced by books dealing principally with the topics of automobiles, building construction, and such wholly practical and realistic information as can be collected. The object of treating such material is to permit the child to develop more readily the skills of reading by keeping him in contact with the articles of life which are most familiar and most real. Unfortunately, the new "developmental readers" are generally not masterfully written, and the combination of commonplace content with mediocre writing skill does not excite the imagination or induce an overpowering interest in learning to understand those weird combinations of letters and words which constitute sentences and ideas. A teacher still finds an extremely eager and attentive audience of children when a skillfully written version of a story such as "The Fox and the Grapes" is read to a class.

Furthermore, an even more serious change is taking place with regard to literature in the secondary school, for here tampering is actually done with some of the greatest stories and writers of our language. This tampering is done in one of three ways: deletion, revision, or neglect. Many editions of the classic titles being used in the schools no longer warrant the regard they have held for centuries, for the process of deleting what is considered to be extraneous material has left only the shells of plots, many of which are not in themselves of great value. A version of *Moby Dick*, used in the eighth grade, has had removed from it almost all of the powerful minute description that distinguishes Melville as a master of

observation. The story remains as a simple chase of a revengeful man for a whale. It would be better to delay the reading of these difficult works of art to the time when maturity and skill permit a complete enjoyment of a great story; it may be a delusion to believe that appreciation of a master can be inculcated by an exposure to a plot. Yet many English curriculum developers are convinced that the value of a writer's work lies in *what* is said with a complete minimizing of the techniques by which the story is developed. The philosophies and quiet thoughts that seep through the more massive expansion of the tale are also lost in such a process of deletion.

The process of *revising* a masterpiece carries with it even greater responsibilities than the process of deleting; the former involves changing the vocabulary and style of the author—causing a change of ideas also—while the latter tends merely to reduce the story to the barest essentials of understanding. Actually, both change *intent* and in this respect are only tenuously justifiable. The great story of *Robinson Crusoe*, completely rewritten for use in the seventh grade, is wholly devoid of the excitement and beauty of the original story. While retaining the plot, the “new author”—himself not a craftsman in his use of English—makes the singular appeal to the young reader of “movement,” or what might be considered as “the cowboy-western” theory of story telling. Shakespeare himself is undergoing the surgery of rewriting. Such an attempt is, if nothing more, a bold act bordering upon the discourteous. It is difficult to conceive that anyone who truly is influenced by the linguistic power of this great playwright would feel himself strong enough to alter the carefully chosen phrases of “Hamlet,” “Macbeth,” or “Romeo and Juliet.”

Neglect is probably the least discomforting of the three methods of dealing with English and American literature. The purpose here is simply to remove from the curriculum all so-called “difficult readings” and substitute works more simply written. The inadequacies of a curriculum developed without the inclusion of original classics are considerable; yet the possibilities of prejudicing a young reader against works of art because of an introduction which is less than satisfying are significant enough to force contemporary educators to evaluate carefully the material being offered in substitution. This reverts to the conclusion that if the modern student is believed to be incapable of comprehending the great ideas of the world, the ideas should be withheld until maturity. The prime concept of the “student's incapability” in this regard is, of itself, highly questionable. It would be tragic to lose the mental powers and achievements of a generation of youth simply because of an experiment with education that depends, in too many instances, upon personal opinion as the basis for establishing new methods and course content.

Education for any aspect of human life must be predicated upon some philosophy. The giant pendulum of educational thought carves a great arc through all periods of history. Its motion from extreme to

extreme is marked with thoughts first current, then discredited; with ideas of sweeping change, then ideas of static hold; with philosophies of rigid discipline, then philosophies of loose individuality. And yet the residue of each movement seems to contain a certain body of knowledge—perhaps modified for better use—that traditionally has been known as the Liberal Arts; the philosophical basis for the use of the Liberal Arts also tends to gravitate toward a prescribed, historically tested position. Mark van Doren has seen this clearly in stating, "The liberal education to be saved . . . is a substance of which we have had the shadow. This almost means that it must be created, or at any rate revised from an older time when it was real . . ." The "newness" of the problem is now seen to be, in truth, a periodic renewal of an ancient controversy.

Teachers today are experiencing some aspects of the return to a "traditional education." The flowers of an educational system developed dangerously close to anarchial lines are slowly dying. Each introduction of increased rigidity into the present curriculum is widely greeted by the classroom teachers, and the enthusiasm of uplifted spirits flows over into all of the teachers' relations with the pupils. A concept of education that requires the fitting of a curriculum to the requirements of each individual is implanted deeply in modern educational thought. The only difficulty has been the failure to recognize the universal nature of man and the universal character of his solutions to problems. While different, we are alike, and the educational program that supplies both its teachers and its pupils with some similar, basic foundation will, eventually, permit the widest, most mature, and most valuable differences to exhibit themselves.

Twelve Lines to the Monk Ansgar

● James Kritzeck

We were poor strangers in a friendless port;
we cared which gaudy ship of sense ran where,
on what accustomed depth, but seldom paused
to wonder what devising charted each,

or why, if none was anchored well, a mast
of death grew on them all. We set low sail
as two not counting on a wind. We laughed
too much. But that is nothing to us now.

The last dark winter of our search was burnt,
is ashes, burnt for this: that we may tell
some two or three (who ask) where we have found
the coin that bought us what was not for sale.

Leon

• Charles Angoff

JUST received a letter from my old friend Leon—we have known each other since high school days, which is a long, long time ago—in Vienna, where he is on business. In it he says: “The food here is just wonderful. Such sausages, such cabbage soup, such stuffed cabbage, such boiled beef, such pea soup, such pastry, such coffee! The coffee is just divine, and I mean divine. You know how crazy I am about coffee, so I know coffee, and Viennese coffee is wine, just like wine! I have been gorging myself, but I don’t care. I confess I get pleasure out of food, so why not? I’m not the ascetic you are. Every spare minute I have I go to some restaurant, if only to watch and see. They really make quite a ceremony out of eating here. Oh, it’s quite expensive here, eating in the good restaurants, but I don’t mind. Money is the least of my worries.” And so on. Before he left I told Leon to visit some of the Mozart shrines and to take a look at Dr. Freud’s old office. He smiled at me for these suggestions. Then he said good-naturedly, “Well, if I have time, I will. Just to please you.” So far he has not mentioned Mozart or Freud or any other composer or scientist or writer in any of his letters. My wife agrees with me that he probably won’t.

Leon has been this way for some ten years, but there was a long per-

iod before that when he was not like that at all. I know people change, but the change in Leon was drastic, tremendous, I might almost say shocking. Sometimes, when I think of him as he is today or when I listen to him I almost have to pinch myself to recall the Leon of old—and to realize it’s the same person. We both went to English High School together, and we both lived on the very same street in the West End slum section of Boston. His father and my father went to the same synagogue, and his mother and my mother shopped in the same grocery and butcher shop. We thus knew each other very well. But while we knew each other and, indeed, were close friends, even then, in our early youth, we differed sharply on a great many things. I was not overly religious, but I went with my father to synagogue occasionally and didn’t eat pork products. I saw no point in offending my parents.

But Leon was different. He was a violent atheist even at the age of fifteen, and he refused absolutely to go to synagogue with his father. He also boasted to him that he ate ham sandwiches and shell fish and other forbidden foods. I saw no sense in such actions or such talk and said so to Leon. He denounced me for being a coward and a believer in superstition. “You’re a mollycoddle,” he said to me, “a

wishy-washy person. If you believe something, stand up for it." I once heard Leon say to his father, "So you believe that when you say that prayer at the end of the services on Passover night, the prophet Elijah comes into the house! Hah, hah!" His father shouted at him, "I don't want to hear such atheistical talk in my house! Get out! Heavens above, what did I do to deserve such a stupid, vulgar, non-believing son!" Leon walked out of the house, and I followed him, of course, and all Leon said was, "An old fogey, my father is. Doesn't use his head. But you're no better than he is." I defended myself by saying that I didn't believe everything in the Jewish religion, but that, "well, some of the things look good to me, the moral teachings and even some of the songs on the High Holidays, and, oh, lots of things. And I don't believe in arguing with my father."

"You're a little superstitious yourself," he said.

I pleaded with Leon not to argue with my father about religion. I didn't want Leon to be thrown out of my house, and I didn't want to see my father aroused. Towards the end of my high school days my father had serious financial problems and he had enough on his mind, I felt, without having to worry about my atheistical friend. I said all this to Leon. He promised to do as I had asked, but he added, "You have no backbone." But the very week of our graduation from high school Leon broke his promise and began a religious argument with my

father. Leon objected to the prayer at the exercises. My father didn't quite understand Leon's point. "Nu," he said, "we live in a Christian country, so they have a right, I guess, to make a Christian prayer. When the Jews get their own country, they'll make Jewish prayers."

"But I mean any prayer at all they shouldn't make," said Leon, to my horror, "because prayer is to God, and there is no God."

I looked at my father. I was afraid he would lash out at Leon. Instead he smiled and said, "Nu, I shall have to think about what you said. I suppose Moses and Aaron and the prophets and the great rabbis were all fools, and only you know all about God. Nu, it may be you know, and it may be that the others know. Do you mind if I agree with Moses and the prophets rather than with you?"

Leon went on to college, to Boston University, where he planned to take two years of pre-law and then go to Boston University Law School. I went for a year to a business school, and then went to work as a clerk in a wholesale textile office. Leon and I didn't see each other as often as we used to, but we remained friends, did manage to meet at least once every two weeks. About the time he was finishing his pre-law course he became very much interested in socialism, then switched to communism. He found socialism too "weak and anemic," and he looked upon communism as "the light of the future." Apparently he read a great deal in communistic philosophy, for he quoted huge gobs

of Marx and Lenin and Plekhanov and Trotsky to me. I continued to be what, I guess, I have always been—a middle-of-the-roader in politics as in so many other things. I liked Wilson's New Freedom, in so far as I understood it, and I said so to Leon. He fumed at me: "So you believe in gradualism, in evolution! You are perfect bait for the blood-thirsty capitalists. While people like you take it easy, the capitalists grind the workers down, and tighten the noose around them. My God, how long will you have blinders on your eyes? How long will you fall for the pap of a few workmen's compensation laws and health regulations for women—and not see that while the capitalists give you a little bit, they still have you in their grip? In the words of Marx and Engels, Workers of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains! The capitalists understand nothing but force, violence. They don't understand reason, kindness. Capitalism is brutal, inhuman, and the American capitalists are the worst of the lot."

I still was not convinced. I pointed out to him that American workers are better off than the workers anywhere else, that capitalism had made life better in America than anywhere else, and that democracy when mixed with capitalism seemed to be heading in the right direction. "Oh, we're not perfect," I added, "but we're getting better, improving conditions all the time."

"You're hopeless," Leon said disgustingly. He pleaded with me to read Marx's *Capital* and all sorts

of other books and pamphlets. I tried to read them but could not make sense out of them, and returned them to Leon largely unread. He looked at me with pity. "You're another one of those who is not only blind, but persists in being blind and allowing the capitalists to enslave us all more and more. I now see what Lenin meant when he spoke of the heartbreaking task ahead for the crusaders for economic emancipation."

Leon became very active in the Communistic movement in Boston. He addressed meetings, he distributed literature, he organized a "progressive-radical" club in Boston University, and he spoke from the stump in behalf of communist candidates for municipal, state, and national office. At this time we barely saw each other, for, I imagine, he looked upon me as an enemy of everything he stood for. He also became personally insulting to me. He would say, on the few occasions when we met, "Well, how is the old capitalistic lidspittle today? Still making money for your bosses? Well, I guess some people enjoy being slaves, they just do." I laughed at him. "Leon," I said, "you're being silly. You're taking your new religion too seriously."

"Life and death, my boy, are very serious," he said.

"Be natural, Leon. Talk natural. You don't have to make a stump speech to me," I said. "Besides, from what I read in the papers, it's not such a paradise in Russia. It doesn't look like a democracy to me. The Bolsheviks are a very small minority party, yet they threw

out the majority Kerensky group, and they don't even let Kerensky and his people talk and argue. That's not democracy. The same kind of autocracy as when the Czar was there."

Leon sneered at me. "There you are," he said. "You believe what you read in the poisoned capitalist press. Besides, the Bolsheviks stand for the workers, while Kerensky was a lackey, a bourgeois. And during a revolutionary upheaval you can't be so finicky about rights, democracy, and things like that."

I said nothing to this sophistry. I saw there was no point in arguing with Leon, who was now a fanatic. In law school he was a thorn in the sides of his professors. He kept on denouncing American law as a tool of capitalism and a bludgeon against the workers. He was almost booting out of law school, but since he was a brilliant student and because, I imagine, the authorities didn't want to make an issue of him and his ideas, they gave him his degree. Leon passed the bar easily enough. At once he became counsel for an assortment of small radical and communist organizations. His name was constantly in the newspapers. He was defending strike leaders, he was denouncing judges for asking too high bail, he was trying to force landlords to allow their halls to be used for radical meetings, he was addressing street corner meetings. He was quite a celebrity. During this period I met him one afternoon on the Boston Common, and we sat down to chat for a while. We hadn't met for

more than a year and we both felt a little embarrassed. He seemed tired and distraught and I said so. He wiped his forehead and said, "Yes, I am tired. There's so much to do, and so little time."

"I see that by the newspapers," I said. "Hardly a day you're name isn't in the papers."

He seemed pleased. Then he asked, "Did you see the piece about me in the *Herald* this morning?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, the bastards didn't dare to publish my whole speech at that meeting. It was a scorcher. If the editor had printed the speech he would have been out on his prat the next hour."

"Still, they did give you some space," I said.

"Sure. They have to. Something is better than nothing," he said, with an air of importance mixed with martyrdom.

"Mind if I ask you, Leon, if you're making a living?"

He smiled bitterly. "That I can answer quickly. The answer is No."

"Oh."

He sighed. "No, I'm not making a living. That's the bad part. But we all have to make sacrifices."

I decided to tell him some personal news I had. "Leon, I'm going to be married."

He looked at me. I thought I detected, for a moment, a look of jealousy, then of good will, but suddenly his face became hard, and he said, "That's silly."

I was shocked. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you love the girl, live

with her, but don't give in to the fat rabbis and the capitalists by marrying her. Live with her as long as you love each other; when you get tired of each other, separate. Like in Russia. That's the only way to do it."

I felt so insulted that I got up to leave. He stopped me, and said, "If I hurt you, I'm sorry, but I only told you what I think."

"Good-bye, Leon," I said, and walked off.

Years passed and I did not see him. For a time I continued to see his name in the newspapers in reports of radical doings, but then his name was not mentioned any more. I assumed that he had gone underground or that he had been shifted by the party to some other city or even other country. Then, one morning, I saw his name in the newspaper in connection with the settlement of a will involving almost a quarter of a million dollars. I hardly believed my eyes. Surely this could not be the same Leon who abhorred the capitalists so much. Perhaps it was somebody else by the same name. But a bit later I saw his name again in the newspaper, and again the case was one involving a will—and once more the amount of money at issue was considerable. Apparently Leon had been hired by one side because of the large amount of such work he had been doing, and towards the end of the report there was mention of Leon's background, and immediately I knew that he was the Leon I had known. I wondered what had happened to him—why he had changed, how he felt about prob-

lems, now, and so on. But I didn't want to call him. So much time had elapsed since we parted that there probably was little left of our old bonds to hold us together, I thought. My wife didn't care whether I called him or not. She said, "Even if you see him, you won't get any answers to your questions. The likes of him laugh off their past. They have no morals and no regrets. A man with a soul, who had a change of heart as Leon has had, would not take on money cases and get rich on them; he would become a lawyer for the Legal Aid Society, join some really liberal group, do something to pay for his dreadful past. But Leon . . . he just loves money and comfort. I wouldn't be surprised if there's something shady even in the law business he's doing now."

I couldn't feel as bitter as my wife. Still, I didn't call Leon. Somehow I couldn't get myself to do it. But one day, when I met a cousin of mine, a lawyer, I asked him about Leon. "Now that's funny," said my cousin, "I meant to tell you so many times. Leon has been asking about you. He said he would call you up some day."

"What's he doing? I see his name in the papers in connection with . . ." I began.

My cousin interrupted me, "Oh, he's in the big money. But what he's doing isn't so kosher. There's a principal or an axiom in the law that says that no lawyer must instigate litigation. Well, that's what Leon does. He instigates litigation. He reads all death notices, studies gravestones, old death lists, and

tries to find out if anybody living has a possible claim against an estate—a long-lost relative, a long-lost heir, you know. And he tells these people if they hire him as their attorney he'll start proceedings, and if he, Leon, collects, he gets a big cut, as much as twenty-five per cent, maybe even fifty per cent. You should see Leon now. Like a banker. He gets into his office at 10:30. He has a second breakfast at the Parker House, and you know what a breakfast at the Parker House costs, anywhere from one dollar to a dollar and a half. He goes to lunch at 12:30, at the Parker House or Pierroni's, and that's another two dollars or maybe two and a half. He's through at 4. He has a bunch of young lawyers hunting up death records and stuff like that for him, and he just writes the letters to the possible heirs. Oh, he takes trips way out West and he's taken trips to Canada and England and other places. He's big time. He has two or three cars. He has a big home in Hyde Park, you know. He drives in every day. And all he talks about these days is insurance. Drives me nuts. His office is in the same building as mine, and he talks the pants off of me. And nearly always about insurance. Life insurance. He wants to build up a big estate for himself and his family."

"Is he married?"

"Sure. Been married for, oh, seven, six years. He has two kids. She was a secretary to some union president. A cute little thing. But he pays little attention to her. She caters to his every want."

"But what about his past?" I asked.

"What about it?" said my cousin. "Nothing. He jokes about it whenever anybody mentions it. Hell, he's an arch conservative now. He's vice-president of a Reform Temple. Know what his chief reading is now?"

"What?"

"*The Wall Street Journal* and the *Saturday Evening Post*."

A few weeks later Leon did call me. His home was being repaired, so he and his wife came over to our home for Sunday afternoon coffee and cake. He seemed very prosperous. His wife looked as if she had been fitted out by one of the most fashionable women's stores in Boston. They were both overweight. He boasted about his life insurance estate, and she boasted about her charge accounts in the fancier department stores — she didn't boast openly, of course, she just "happened" to mention her accounts in every fancy women's store on Tremont Street, the most fashionable retail street in Boston. Leon looked at our puny 12½ inch television set that we've had for some four years. He laughed. He said, "Ah, you should really get a bigger one. We have a twenty-two-incher. You can see something on it. Say, isn't Red Skelton grand? I laugh myself silly listening to him and watching him. And Milton Berle—say, he's really tops."

I was about to say something in criticism of Berle, how cheap he was, but my instinct told me to keep my opinions to myself. Leon told

us about his projected trip to Vienna, and promised to drop us postcards and letters. I asked him why he had to go to Vienna. "Oh, business," he said. He didn't mention the nature of his business once. Neither did he mention it the next few times we saw him and his wife, nor on the few occasions when he and I had lunch together during the week. Once I asked perfunctorily, "Well, how's the law business?"

All he said in answer was, "Can't complain."

I think my wife would be hap-

pier if we stopped seeing Leon and his wife. She finds them vulgar and intolerable. I agree with her. But I can't get myself to dropping them, especially him. I have the funniest feeling that, despite his money and vulgar show, he is unhappy—well, just a teeny, weeny bit, as my daughter would say—and that he needs our company. My wife says I'm being sentimental, that I can't get rid of the attachments of my boyhood. Well, maybe she's right. I don't know.

Theory of Flight

● Stephen Morris

Light never in the low
Level of greenwood tree;
Rest on the summit, wing,
And know no one in fee.

Linger in moonburn, strange
And orient to the sight;
Bathe in the pool of loss
And know no love but night.

Marry this singleness
To your steel fixity;
Trouble no maid nor make
Her weep at cruelty.

Sealed thus to star-tossed air,
Sealed thus to shingled sea,
Lie at your peril down,
Bend never home, the lea
Requires love's potency.

On Defining Romanticism

• Arthur H. Scouten

THE recent years have seen no decrease in the endeavours to define that phenomenon we call Romanticism; unfortunately, few of these efforts have been grounded on logic or fact. Thus the attempts to define Romanticism in terms of political theory have raised more questions than they solved; the procedure of identifying Romantic writers by their response to Science is forced to ignore the discrepancies arising in the preceding century; and a very recent analysis, put forward in all seriousness, designating the Classicists as those who revise their writings and the Romantics as those who publish their first draft simply collapses in the light of common sense. Of more importance is the ambitious effort of Rene Wellek to show a unity in the Romantic movement in all European countries; if not achieved by Wellek, it might be worked out through further analysis. The main objection lies in the variations within the English Romantics. Wordsworth's poetry will not fit Wellek's criterion of mythic symbolism, and the work of Lord Byron stands outside of all of Wellek's criteria of Romanticism. The variations and real or apparent contradictions among the English Romantics have so long prevented a synthesis of definition that critics have tended to agree with the distinguished historian of ideas Arthur Lovejoy, who insisted that the characteristics could not be combined but must remain "Romanticisms."

At this juncture, however, there emerged the most provocative of recent definitions, the exciting paper "Toward a Theory of Romanticism" presented by Morse Peckham before the Modern Language Association in New York in 1950 and published by that organization the following year (*PMLA*, LXVI, ii). At the outset, one can observe a number of distinct attributes which this formulation contains: it is a bold, vigorous, aggressive hypothesis; it overrides the objections previously sustained by man critics; it enables adherents of Romanticism to avoid a defensive position by taking the offensive; it is more than a theory about literature—it proposes to hold true for all the creative arts; and it is strong just where Wellek's theory is weak, i.e., when we test the theory against the literary work (or painting) we find the theory works. Other students have been able to apply the theory elsewhere, on American Romanticism, for example.

To develop his theory, Professor Peckham employs a dichotomy, designating one aspect as positive romanticism and the other as negative romanticism. The former is built on the work of Lovejoy and others, the term being a group title for the ideas of organicism, dynamism, and diversitarianism. The latter division, negative romanticism, is Peckham's own brilliant contribution. He defines it as "the expression of the attitudes, the feelings, and the ideas of a man who has left static mechanism but

has not yet arrived at a reintegration of his thought and art in terms of dynamic organicism," and feels that a realization of this concept (negative romanticism) would explain the difficulties and prevent the discrepancies that arise in Wellek's explanation or in W. H. Auden's *The Enchafed Flood*.

This new comprehensive definition then seems so plausible, so valuable in practice that one might well feel it could not be refuted; it could only be superseded by an even more dynamic hypothesis. Interestingly enough, Peckham has already begun this process. In an article published in *four quarters* (II, iv) last May and entitled "Is Poetry Self-Expression?" He makes a linguistic analysis of the terms "expression" and "Self." In this important essay, he sets forth three propositions: (1) "metaphysical language is without meaning"—is not cognitive language; (2) the Self is not an entity, cannot be empirically verified; and (3) he cites the Beardsley-Wimsatt thesis that the spokesman or a poem is not to be identified with the author. He then stresses the need for recognition of "identity," and points out that people construct a "Self-portrait." "Only a Madman," writes Peckham, "like the lunatic who thinks he's Napoleon, attempts to maintain an absolutely consistent and fixed self-portrait and acts according to it." On the contrary, the healthy person is constantly changing the self-portrait and has at his control a wide range of roles, which he can adopt as the situation demands. Now, reasons Peckham, if the Self is not an entity, the poem cannot be thought of as a sign with reference to the self. But the poet can project or posit a "self" who will abide by a consistent structure for the duration and purposes of the poem. Thus, continues Peckham, "when we say, then, that a poem is self-expression," we mean that through its linguistic structure it is the creation of a temporarily consistent *self*. Let us look at what this reasoning implies. It means that a poet can achieve an understanding of or an acceptance or rejection of a particular emotional attitude which he cannot practice in life.

I have summarized this section of his essay, familiar as it may be for the readers of this magazine, for the purpose of showing that if the presentation contained therein is valid his definition of Romanticism is not. That is, his theory of negative romanticism is based upon a biographical and autobiographical approach. An examination of his *PMLA* article on romanticism will show that his thesis is based upon biographical evidence, that he reads certain poems as if they were autobiographical documents. But if the poet were only projecting a certain role (as Peckham argues in *four quarters*), then an interpretation of the poem cannot be used to tell us what was going on in the author's mind; nor can an interpretation of the poem be formed from a life of the author. I am ready to agree with him here, but it is irrelevant whether we agree or disagree, for Professor Peckham, by advocating it, has nullified the process whereby he arrived at his theory of negative romanticism.

Now, from the language which I was quoting from his article "Is

Poetry Self-Expression?" it should have become obvious that it was the terminology of logical positivism. Next, I should like to call attention to the following points in his article on Romanticism: (1) At one place he speaks of Carlyle and *Sartor Resartus* as being in the earlier years of the Romantic movement; at the end of the article it becomes clear that he thinks of romanticism as a contemporary movement. (2) He is careful to state that he is working *toward* a theory of Romanticism; he never says he has presented a definition of Romanticism.

How do logical positivists regard definition? They think of it, as Bernard Phillips points out in *Philosophy*, not as an effort to get at the essential nature of a thing but merely as a resolution to use a conventional symbol in a certain way.

What emerges, then, is quite clear. With this talk of Carlyle as an early Romantic, Peckham has tipped his hand. He is really talking about modern creative art: Poetry, painting, music, architecture; and therein lies the validity of his hypothesis. His essay on romanticism stamps him as a brilliant critic and thinker who is ready to speak with authority on all forms of modern creative art (and three of his recent articles have dealt with painting and architecture) but it is not a definition of the English Romantic movement from *The Lyrical Ballads* to the death of Scott, or what nearly everyone else always has called English Romanticism.

The Wheel

[Composed During a Recent Toothache]

● August Kadow

The center of myself is slowly pain
on which revolve perimeters of nerves:
This single toothpoint is the central pin,
and I have grown a wheel of whirling knives
with this slow turning of my axle, pain.

I try to concentrate beyond the rim,
to lose myself in mud and ruts of road
or route myself down analgesic rhyme:
But pain, centripetal, is like the rod,
and I am bounded by my turning rim.

So have I turned my face always from Him
who is the humming hub of motored worlds
and tried to find beyond the wheel a home
where pain is motionless and nothing whirls:
But rim and hub and road were made of Him.

Replacement

● Joseph Hosey

ALL AFTERNOON the trucks had rumbled eastward under the flat, low November sky. From time to time a dull spatter of rain would drum on the canvas over our heads, and the wet black road wound away behind us between soggy fields. The fields had been cultivated but there were no human beings in sight now, and the only suggestion of dwellings was the jutting outline here and there of a precariously vertical wall.

It seemed a long time since we had driven up into the hills behind Cherbourg and started our journey across France; but it was only a week. It seemed longer still, somehow, since the bright morning of this very gloomy afternoon when we had sped between rich-looking Belgian farms and waved back at people working or resting in the shade by the roadside. Between those two points in time we had forgotten the devastation that had shocked us as we came through Normandy. After we passed through Avranches we ourselves were the only indication that there was a war going on anywhere. Mile after mile our tawny dust swirled up into the brilliant October sunlight, and when we halted people came out with wine and cider and bread and preserves, with which we varied our K-ration diet and they replenished their supplies of cigarettes. Even though it had been weeks, in

some cases months, since the first of our columns had appeared among them, cheering crowds still lined the streets of the towns as we drove through.

The last two days we had driven up the Meuse, through the quiet Autumn beauty of the Argonne, into Belgium. Today, about mid-morning, we had left the river and turned toward Germany; a little after noon a moody rain began to fall, as if nature were compelled to correspond with the desolation affected by human conflict. When we halted late in the afternoon, we heard for the first time the thudding rumble of great guns in the distance; the armored power that had surged over France and Belgium was being brought to a halt just within the borders of the Reich. Well, it was only to be expected after all that they'd make a stand on their own soil.

The regiment we were given to was in reserve in a town that had been taken the day before. We were sent down to one of the companies, where we dumped our equipment; and a corporal conducted us to chow.

As we walked down the blasted brick street, our mess-kits rattled eerily in the damp silence. People stopped talking when we drew near them, and resumed in a sullen tone after we were past.

"They don't like us," someone said.

The corporal spat. "No," he said.

Why should they, after all? The unburied bodies of their own men still lay in the fields around the town, numb under the unceasing drizzle. Still, we'd expected something different from this, some more positive expression of hate to set against the violent emotions of the liberated people we had seen . . .

"It's quiet," someone else said; "how far are the lines?"

The corporal looked queerly at the questioner. "Well, that ain't easy to say," he answered slowly; "you wouldn't get two hundred yards down one of these streets to the right here; but up in this direction—" he jerked his thumb over to the left "—we seem to have everything under control."

"You mean we don't have the whole town?" said a nervous voice.

"Well, I don't know," said the corporal; "no, I don't think so; I guess we don't." We walked in silence a while, then he continued: "They had patrols in here last night; guess we can expect 'em to-night too." We thought this over. "They haven't been throwin' in any

high stuff, though; that's one good thing."

"But I thought we were in reserve," said the nervous voice after a pause.

"We are," said the corporal; "at least we ain't in foxholes like they are out on the edge of town. We can sleep in cellars here; that's something. Here's the chow hall. You can find your way here by yourselves after this."

We filed into the ruined house where the field kitchen had been set up, and left by the back door with filled mess-kits. We sat on stumps and rocks in the yard while we ate. There was little talk, for it was our first hot meal in a couple of days. But we were all thinking: this is the way it is, then; all the way up here we were wondering what it should be like to be getting nearer to the action, how we'd take it, whether our insides would fall to pieces at the nearness of it. But this was how it was, quiet. We realized now that the pounding of the artillery was somewhere to the rear of us, not far up ahead as we had supposed. This was the line. This was the end of the world. And there was hardly a sound.

● *In The Next Issue:*

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|----------------------|------------------------|
| <i>on Literature</i> | ● Fr. John W. Simons |
| <i>on History</i> | ● Christopher Dawson |
| <i>on Poetry</i> | ● John Gilland Brunini |
| <i>on Art</i> | ● Carl Merschel |

Contributors

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, eminent English Catholic Historian, is a frequent contributor to American magazines. BRO. R. CLIVE, F.S.C., is stationed in England at St. John's College, Newbury, Berks. H. E. FRANCIS is a Fullbright Fellow at Pembroke College, Oxford. He has published in French and English Journals. CARL MERSCHER is a prominent American ceramic artist—the designer of the Catholic Chapel at the University of Chicago. CARDINAL CEREJEIRA is the Patriarch of Lisbon. FR. MARK HEATH, O.P., is Professor of Philosophy at La Salle College. BERNARD INGSTER is Chairman of the Faculty at a Philadelphia High School. JAMES KRITZECK is a Harvard Fellow. CHARLES ANGOFF is a former editor of *American Mercury* and a prominent novelist. STEPHEN MORRIS is Feature Editor of the *Germantown Courier*. ARTHUR H. SCOUTEN is a member of the English Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. AUGUST KADOW has published poetry in *Partisan Review*, *Yale Review*, etc. JOSEPH HOSEY, former Instructor at La Salle, is a State Department employee. SR. LEONARDA [cover emblem] is a prominent member of the Catholic Art Association. CLAUDE F. KOCH is a member of the staff of four quarters.

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Art Without a Country	George K. McMorrow
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The Meaning of Spirituals	Allan Rohan Crite
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By Carl Merschel

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